I'll Tell You My Sins

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I’ll Tell You My Sins

by Zessaeth

Summary

Will remembers seeing a bright light one minute, and the next he’s standing with four thousand, three hundred and ninety-nine other people. But all he wanted to do was get back to his husband and get back to normal.

Notes

I bet your wondering “Why pick ‘I’ll Tell You My Sins’ as the title???” (Highly doubtful you are, but let’s pretend you are for shits and giggles) and all I have to say is just wait and soon you will see ;).

Also, I know that The 4400 come back in 2004, but for this story, it’ll be 2019 :).

(Doing this chapter by chapter unlike everything else I’ve done so far, but there will be frequent updates, because I tend to have a lot of free time) ❤️

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will blinked, and he was somewhere else. When he looked around, he saw nothing but strangers, all just as confused as him. While he looked at them, he noticed some things. Men, women, and kids with hair and clothing from the forties, fifties, sixties, seventies, which isn't unusual. Plenty of people like dressing in vintage clothing, that's okay, although he's never met this many people who does. While still trying to wrap his head around what happened, all he could think about was Hannibal.

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"For the millionth time, I want to call my husband. Why are we even here, I just want to go home!" Will told one of the people assigned to watch them while they were in quarantine.

"Sir, just calm down. They're trying to contact family members right now, everything will be fine."

Quarantine. After coming out of a ball of light that fell from the sky, they put him and everyone else in quarantine. It's ridiculous, they didn't ask to be brought back. No one knew they had gone missing until a couple days later when their memories started coming back. The first one of them was a girl named Maia, who disappeared in 1946. She's been gone for seventy-one-years, and she looks like any normal eight-year-old.

She wasn't the only one gone for decades, most everyone of the returnees had been missing and presumed dead for months, years, decades. Will learned he had been missing for five years. He can only imagine how things will be when Hannibal arrives.

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When it was time for everyone with family to be reunited, the younger man scanned the packed room for his husband. He wasn't there. He waited for almost fifteen minutes, but Hannibal hasn't shown up. Were they hiding something from him? Blinking back tears, Will weaved his way through the crowd before stepping outside, thinking of ways to get home.

"Will?"

Will looked around for a moment before his eyes landed on his husband. Every moment since they returned, Will felt this massive weight on him, and he couldn't breathe. But seeing the older man standing thirty feet away, the weight came right off and tears rolled down his

cheeks. For a moment, no one moved. Hannibal's eyes glistened with tears, still in disbelief. His legs were lead as he took the first step, fearing would disappear. And despite how heavy his legs felt, he kept moving, picking up his pace with every step. Will did the same and when they stood almost nose to nose, Hannibal finally exhaled.

Those eyes which haunted him for five years, are bluer than he remembers. They said nothing, they just stood there, staring at each other. Tears rolled down Hannibal's cheek and Will reached up to wipe them away. The warmth of his touch only brought more, and the older man swallowed. "You're real."

Will nodded and smiled. "Yeah." Was all he managed to get out before throwing his arms around Hannibal's neck. The older man crushed him against him and they ended up on the ground, paying no mind to onlookers. The younger man buried his face in his husband's neck, tears staining his dress shirt, but Hannibal didn't care. He cradled his beloved in his arms, petting his soft curls, muttering in English to Lithuanian. Will understood some of it. The older man leaned down and kissed his curls before moving down to his lips.

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If they could, they would have stayed there kissing for hours. But knowing they weren't going to wait until they got back to Baltimore, they found a hotel nearby. They wiped and kissed each other's tears away, whispered things in between moans, it felt like a dream. They stared into each other's eyes as they went over the edge together, and Hannibal smiled. "Heaven."

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While drifting in and out of sleep, Hannibal said "A part of me still doesn't believe that this is real." Will looked up as his husband, who was looking down at him. "I fear I will wake up and realize that God is mocking me, putting such a dream upon me...Words cannot describe how bad it was to be without you, *Mylimasis.*"

The younger man sat up and said "I know. But I'm here, my love. I'm real, and I'm never going away ever again." He kissed Hannibal, and it wasn't long before he climbed on top of him.

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Every time he closed his eyes, he saw the light. The blinding light that was the last thing he saw before he disappeared, and before they were back in Mount Rainier. He wishes he can dream of anything else.

They didn't talk much while eating breakfast, and the younger man expected Hannibal to ask him about what happened. While in quarantine, they hounded them with questions, which was frustrating but understandable. But no, the older man hadn't said a word about it. In his mind he can hear Hannibal speaking to him in his psychiatrist voice, telling him he needs time and space, and although it can be annoying at times, just picturing it made him smile.

"What's making you smile, my love?" The older man asked, pulling him away from his thoughts.

"You. Hearing your voice again, touching you, just...Everything about you." He grinned when Hannibal's turned pink and he leaned back in his seat. Shaking his head, he said "Anything else beyond that...It's just so weird now."

"Well, that's understandable, you—" he stopped before clearing his throat. "Forgive me. We won't talk about that until you are ready."

Will shrugged and said "You can ask me. I don't mind...It's just hard to remember."

"What can you remember?"

The younger man took a few minutes to think and licked his lip. "I remember being on my way back from one of my runs, when I saw this light. At first I thought it was the sun, but it kept getting brighter and brighter...And then the next minute, another light, and I was standing with a ton of strangers. They put us in quarantine and asked us about what happened, but...I just wanted to see you. When you didn't show up with everyone else, I thought you were dead or you forgot about me—"

"My flight was delayed and I got stuck in traffic on the way there. But you know that I would never forget about you."

"Yeah, but...At one point anyone would move on. What if I had been one of the people gone for fifty years, would you still wait for me or would you move on with your life and be happy?"

"I would still wait for you. Missing or not, I am a married man, and I never gave up. Not while knowing that my beloved was still out there."

"I could've been dead."

"But you weren't. Every night for five years, I dreamt about you, and nothing else. It's difficult to explain, but...Those dreams told me you were still alive, they kept me going, and I prayed that they never stop. Because the day that they would stop would mean that my heart is gone forever." The older man reached over and took Will's hand, lacing their fingers together. "And even when my heart has come back to me, they have yet to stop."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“My love, we can stay in Washington for as long as you want, we don’t have to go anywhere until you’re ready to.” A week had gone by and all was normal until they heard about a few of the returnees. According to the news, some of them were developing powers, some good but others bad.

Will zipped one suitcase shut and said “Hannibal, I’m fine. I think I can handle being on a plane for five hours. They can’t keep me here, I want to go home.”

The older man studied him for a moment before going back to packing. At one point, Will stopped and asked “Do you think the same will happen to me?”

Hannibal looked up and Will chuckled. “I mean, I’ve been missing for five years, I came back because of a ball of light. Some of them have powers now, so it should make sense that I get them too, right?”

“I don’t know, Will. But whatever happens, you won’t be alone.”

The younger man nodded and when Hannibal kissed him, an uncertain force hit him like a semi. Gasping, Will pulled away from him, and when Hannibal touched him again, he was taken somewhere else. In a hospital, a surgery was going on, and Hannibal was working on the patient. Something told him that this person wasn’t going to make it, and despite their best efforts, the person died.

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Will woke up a few minutes later, on the floor, Hannibal above him. “Will? Can you hear me? Mylimasis?” The younger man groaned and shifted onto his side, leaning up against the side of the bed.

The older man helped him up and said “Here, sit down.” And Will obeyed. Before he could speak, Hannibal said “You’re bleeding. I’ll be right back.” He got up and headed into the bathroom and that’s when Will noticed the blood dripping from his nose. When he went to wipe it away, Hannibal returned with some dampened tissues and knelt down in front of him.

“What in the world happened?”

Will shook his head and said “I-I don’t know. One minute you kiss me, the next...I-I saw the last surgery you performed before you quit...”

The older man stopped cleaning for a moment, his eyes searching his. “You saw it?”

“Yeah...It felt so real, I-I smelled the blood, I heard the heart rate monitor flatline...I was right there.”

“How could you see it?”

The younger man shook his head and said “I don’t—” but then stopped. He looked up and said “You...You touched me. When you kissed me, a-and touched me again, that’s when it happened.”

They said nothing after that for a few minutes until Hannibal asked “Would you still like to go home, my love? We can stay a little longer if—”

Will nodded and said “No. I want to go home.” He smiled and said “I’m sure it’s nothing.”

“It’s not nothing when my beloved bleeds.”

“Hannibal, I promise, I’m fine.”

The older man went to touch him, but stopped and pulled back. But Will grabbed his wrist, instantly taken back to the surgery, but this time Hannibal couldn’t tell. When he brought their hands to his cheek, he felt blood drip again, but it wasn’t as much. “You can’t be afraid to touch me, my love. Whatever this is, it might not last. Let’s go home.”

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To their surprise, the flight to Baltimore went without a hitch. They bumped into numerous people at the airports, and while getting on and off of the plane, but nothing happened.

The house was just as he remembered it the day he left. The outside and inside pristine, always had order, just like his husband. He smiled at the thought as Hannibal parked in the garage. Before the older man could get out, Will put his hand on his arm, stopping him. Hannibal looked over and asked “What? Are you okay?”

Will smiled and said “Yeah, I’m fine...but let’s not go inside yet.” It took the older man a minute to realize what he meant, and that’s when Will got out of the car, shut the door, and then got in the backseat. Hannibal quickly followed, but left his door open as he captured Will’s lips.

Their kisses grew heated as they hurried to get their clothes off, and Will groaned before reaching for Hannibal’s belt. Hannibal helped and after a moment of fumbling, they got it open. Will kissed his husband, hand roaming on his exposed chest before pulling back to get his pants open.

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They sat in the car for some time after that, smiling at each other while Will was curled up against Hannibal's side. The older man kissed his brow and said "You are going to kill me, my love...But it would be a good death."

Will chuckled and asked "Just good?"

Hannibal smiled and said "Forgive me, it would be extraordinary. I would not be worthy of such an honor." Before kissing him. Will smiled and kissed back and after a moment, the older man pulled back and pressed their foreheads together. He swallowed and whispered "I missed you so much." Before kissing him again.

After a few minutes, Will pulled back and smiled. "You think your heart can take another round, old man?" He asked between pants, and the two laughed.

Hannibal hung his head and said "Forgive me, my darling, but I'm afraid I've got no more fight left in me tonight...Let's shower and sleep for the next few days."

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This time, Will's dreamt about the surgery. But when he rested his head against Hannibal's shoulder, things changed. Hannibal drank, not every day, but often. When he drank, it always while he was home, and some nights, he drank so he could sleep. His husband cried, threw things. Then he saw him cut himself once on his wrist, watching the blood ooze out.

When Will opened his eyes, his nose was bleeding. Sighing, he threw the covers off of him and got out of bed. While cleaning up, Hannibal came in and asked "It happened again?"

The younger man nodded and said "Yeah, but it was different this time."

Hannibal stepped closer and asked "What happened?"

Saying nothing, Will turned around and reached out, grabbing his wrist. He held it up for both of them to see, and when he traced along the scar, it showed him cutting again. If his nose was bleeding again, he didn't care, and when he peered up at Hannibal through his lashes, the older man knew.

"Like I said, it was bad without you...It was only one time, and I wasn't intending on killing myself. I just...Needed something..."

The two stared at each other before Will dropped his wrist. "You will never do it again." And Hannibal nodded.

“Never.” He pulled Will into a hug and kissed his curls.

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Three days later they were walking out of a grocery store when Will accidentally ran into someone. Before he could apologize, images began to flash in his mind.

He watched as the man he ran into, opened the door to a dark room. Inside, a little girl is sleeping. The man stepped inside, closed the door, and locked it behind him. He got into the bed next to her while she pretended to be asleep. “I know you’re awake, Anna.” He whispered to her. “Just be quiet for Daddy, like last time. You know what I’ll do if you tell.”

Will’s head hurt so bad, it made him drop to his knees. A crowd started to form around him and couldn’t hear Hannibal yelling. When he looked up at the monster, his head was on fire. And apparently, he is the only one who can see it.

Chapter End Notes

As you can see, I’m back!! So sorry for the delay!! ❤️❤️❤️

Chapter 3

Everything went dark for a few minutes, and when he woke up, he saw Hannibal's face. "Will? Mylimasis?"

The older man helped him slowly sit up, muttering "Gently." in Lithuanian. He hugged him close and kissed his forehead. "What happened, my love?"

"Hey buddy, you okay?" Will looked up at the man who's head was still on fire, and he clenched his jaw.

"It's not me you should worry about, you sick fuck."

"Will?" Hannibal started, but the younger man ignored him.

"I saw you...I know what you've been doing to your daughter."

The woman next to him, which Will assumes is his wife, turns and looks at him. "Ray, what is he talking about?"

"Nothing, he's just crazy—"

"No, I'm not. I'm one of the forty-four hundred, and you've been molesting Anna for months."

Everyone around them was gasping, whispering about the man, and Will could see the flames around his head getting bigger. "Listen, you little—"

"Shut up! You think what you're doing to that little girl, your own *child*, makes you a man? You are *nothing.* And I don't wanna hear another word come out of your mouth. Call the police!"

The man's wife started hitting him, screaming at him and he struck her before turning to run. But two men chased after him and threw him down to the ground, keeping him pinned until the cops arrived.

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After they took their statements, Will and Hannibal went home. Neither of them said anything until they got inside. After putting their groceries away, Hannibal cleaned up the blood and gave Will something for his head. "You scared me half to death."

"I'm sorry."

The older man shook his head and said “There should be no sorry, my love, it’s not your fault. I’m just so worried about you, your episode in the parking lot was the worst one, yet. I should examine you—”

“Hannibal, I’m fine! I’m okay!”

“You say you are fine, but what if one day, you’re not? These headaches could get worse, you-you could have an aneurism—” He stopped and sighed. “I just got you back...I cannot just sit back and allow whatever is happening to you, to hurt you further.

Will kissed Hannibal once, twice, and then stroked his cheek. “I just need to be more careful, next time. If I don’t touch anyone else, maybe it’ll help. If you wanna check me out, then check me out. But I’ll be more careful, okay?”

The older man studied him for a moment before asking “You Promise you will be more careful?”

“I promise. And I’ll carry some Ibuprofen with me at all times, too.”

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The images from the other day were still fresh in his mind. While eating breakfast, Hannibal set today’s newspaper down in front of him, pointing to the title.

A 4400 BUSTS CHILD PREDATOR?

Will looked up and Hannibal smiled. “You’re a hero, Will. The man’s wife invited us to his trial, whenever that may be. She’s hoping you and Anna will testify against him.”

The younger man nodded and said “I’ll do more than testify...I can still see him in my head.”

Hannibal stopped and asked “Are you okay?”

Will nodded and said “Yeah, I just...For some reason, I really need to write it down.”

“Writing could help, and it could be useful for the trial.”

“I know, but it’s...It’s more for me than the trial. Maybe if I write it down, I won’t have to see it anymore. Do we have any notebooks on the house that haven’t been used?”

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For fifteen minutes after Hannibal left for work, Will just stared at the first blank page. Where should he even start? After his exposure to the pervert, he's now able to see further back, now seeing into his childhood. After a few minutes of deliberation, he picked up his pen and started writing.

March 11th, 2019

Sinner:

Raymond Bratcher

Age:

48

(Former) Occupation:

Construction Worker

(Former) Spouse:

Lynlee Daniels-Bratcher

Children:

Colton Bratcher (22)
Anna Bratcher (7)

Parents:

Donald Bratcher (Deceased)
Whitney Bratcher (Deceased)

<u>Sin:</u>

C H I L D M O L E S T E R !

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By the time Hannibal got home, Will had written Ray Bratcher's whole life story. When the older man walked into the kitchen, he found Will crying, and hurried over to him. "Will? What's wrong?"

The younger man shook his head and said "I saw everything...Anna wasn't the only one he hurt, I saw everything....He even killed one of them, and got away with it."

Hannibal wrapped his arms around his beloved and petted his curls. "He'll burn for what he's done soon enough, Mylimasis. He'll burn, shhh."

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While Will was sleeping, Hannibal picked up the notebook and started reading. He had a normal, boring, childhood. He lived in a median income household, and was an only child. At fifteen, he molested his three-year-old cousin. The girl has no memory of what he did, and he never touched her again. But as he got older, he had more victims.

At twenty, he kidnapped his neighbors four-year-old son, assaulted him, and strangled him to death with a belt. He buried him somewhere across the state line, and was never caught, until Will exposed him.

He couldn't read anymore after that, so he put the notebook back where it was and got back into bed. Hannibal petted the younger man's curls and thought what could you have possibly done to have such horrors put into your mind?

He wishes he could understand what Will is going through, he feels so helpless. What if things only get worse from here? What other horrors would he have to witness? How many

monsters will he put away? How many notebooks will he be filling?

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Will dreamt about the light, Hannibal's self destruction, and then Ray Bratcher. He dreamt he was one of his victims and was desperately trying to get away from him. No matter how fast he ran, he always caught up. Bratcher threw his tiny body around like a rag doll and screamed for Hannibal while he squirmed underneath him. "He's not coming, boy. You're mine now, take it like a man."

Things went dark during the assault and when he woke up, he was being strangled. Again he cried out for Hannibal, but when he opened his eyes again, Hannibal who was strangling him.

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"Will! Will, wake up!"

Will woke up panting, covered in sweat. He sat up and Hannibal pulled him into his arms. "You were dreaming...I woke up when I heard you screaming. You kept begging me to stop hurting you..."

The younger man wiped the drying tears from his face and said "It was just a dream...I turned into the little boy Bratcher killed...I-I blacked out when he was touching me, and I woke up to him choking me with the belt...But I blinked, and then you were choking me...I'm sorry, Hannibal, I'm so sorry!"

"Shh, It's okay, it's okay...I'm here, Mylimasis."

End Notes

COMMENTS WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED AND I WILL GLADLY ANSWER THEM!! ❤️. BUT BULLYING, KINKSHAMING, ETC, WILL NOT BE TOLERATED. SO IF YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT, THEN FUCK OFF.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!